

**we were one and
the same**

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we were one and the same by CassandraStarflower

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Summary:

Richie knows he's found his soulmate the very first day of kindergarten. And then he finds another. And another. And then a few more.

we were one and the same

Author's Note:

- For [selenestarflower](#).

A gift for my sister, Sophie (selenestarflower)! It is terrible because I am terrible...

Title from Ricochet by Starset.

The first day of kindergarten was pretty scary even for Richie Tozier. After all, while he was five, and therefore very grown-up, the big kids were, well, *big* , and they loomed over him while his mother walked him to his classroom.

“Now remember, Richie, *behave* .” his mother emphasized when they reached his classroom. He gave her his very best innocent look, which she didn’t buy for a moment.

“I mean it, darling. I don’t want any phone calls from your teacher about you, I don’t know, throwing mulch at someone or anything like that.”

“O- *kay* , mommy.” Richie said. He wasn’t gonna do that! Probably.

She gave him a look and led him into the classroom, where the teacher smiled at them and started talking to his mom.

Richie wasn’t paying attention. The mark on his throat felt funny. Like when he put his hand on the stove burner when his mom looked away for a minute. (Boy, she had really freaked out about that.)

He only blinked back to reality when his mother squeezed his hand and said she was leaving now. He hugged her and watched her leave.

The teacher said, “Well, Richie, why don’t you go play with some of your new classmates? Stanley, over there in the corner, looks like he could use a friend.”

Richie looked over to the corner, where a little boy in a polo shirt

with bright blond ringlets was sitting.

His mark burned again.

“Okay.”

Richie barely registered walking over to Stanley, who seemed to have noticed him, head snapping up and hand rising to his throat.

Stanley had a black infinity sign like Richie.

“Hi.” Richie chirped, plopping down in front of Stanley. “My name’s Richie, the teacher said your name’s Stanley, and we have the same mark, that means we’re soulmates!”

Stanley looked mildly overwhelmed, but he reached out and touched Richie’s throat- which was weird to say the least, since you weren’t really supposed to touch somebody’s soulmark. But it felt nice. Like having his hair petted by his parents.

“Yep.” Stanley said, smiling.

Richie was... confused.

He had met his soulmate last year. This was obvious and certain.

So why did his classmate, who *wasn’t* Stan, have the same mark in the same place?

“Mommy...” He tugged on his mother’s sleeve and she glanced down, closing her book and giving him her full attention.

“What is it, sweetheart?”

“I thought you could only have *one* soulmate.”

Maggie’s brow furrowed. “Most of the time, but some people have more than one. Why?”

Richie’s eyes lit up. “My classmate Bill has the same mark as me, bye Mommy!”

The hyperactive six-year-old then turned and darted up the stairs, ignoring his mother's confused calls.

The very next day, Richie went to recess with a Plan. He found Stan first, and told him all about how there was another person with the same mark as them in his class.

"But you can't have more than one!" Stan protested.

"My mommy says sometimes you can." Richie informed him. "So obviously we have more than one!"

Stan frowned, pouting a little bit. He didn't *want* to share Richie with somebody else! That was dumb!

"That's him!" Richie announced, pointing, and Stan promptly forgot about his complaints.

Bill Denbrough was *pretty*.

...

He was also very nice. And very confused about the whole 'more-than-one-soulmate' thing.

"B-b-but..."

Richie decided to nip this in the bud (something his mother often said when dealing with the trouble he would get himself into). "My mommy says some people have more than one soulmate."

Bill, who had already found who he had assumed was his only soulmate, frowned. "But three?"

Richie's brow furrowed. "Huh?"

Their fourth was a hyperactive and extremely germophobic kid named Eddie. He got an asthma attack when Bill told him about the whole 'more-than-one-soulmate' thing.

"My mommy was already mad I had a boy soulmate!" Eddie wheezed while Bill held his inhaler. "She's gonna be extra mad now!"

Richie looked at Eddie with concern. "Why's she mad your soulmate's a boy?"

Eddie blinked. "She says it's 'cause boys are supposed to have girl soulmates."

"Girls have cooties." Richie said solemnly. "Boys are better."

Stan leaned forward. "You don't have to *tell* her, though, do you?"

Eddie looked at him, distressed. "I can't *lie* to mommy!"

"I lie to my mommy and daddy all the time!" Richie said.

"They don't believe you. They *said* so." Stan muttered.

Eddie wheezed into his inhaler again. "I guess... maybe mommy doesn't need to know right *now* ." he mumbled.

The four of them stayed four for the next seven years. Then came 1989 and the next soulmate.

Bill's little brother had disappeared late last year, and he was still upset and still searching. It had been his idea to go explore the sewers, something that Richie was okay with and that Eddie and Stan hated.

They hadn't exactly expected to meet a *fifth* soulmate.

And then Ben Hanscom tumbled into the Kenduskeag with blood on his face and a black infinity sign on his throat.

"Holy shit!" Richie yelped.

Ben looked up at them, startled.

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They ended up taking him to the pharmacy, where Bill, Eddie, and Stan went inside to steal supplies.

Richie stayed outside with Ben, nervously rubbing his soulmark.

Ben looked up at him, seeming even more anxious. "We, uh, have the same... mark."

"Yep." Richie agreed, bouncing on his toes. "Except so do Bill and Eddie and Stan."

Ben blinked, eyes briefly unfocusing.

And then the other three boys returned with supplies and Eddie started fussing over Ben's injury.

Bill seemed a bit distracted, and then he stepped out onto the sidewalk. Richie didn't pay much attention, busy needling Eddie.

Stan coughed quietly, drawing Richie's attention. He tapped his mark and nodded toward Ben. Richie nodded. *Soulmate*.

And then a voice rang out from the other end of the alleyway and Richie was distracted.

Finding out that Beverly-fucking-Marsh was their soulmate, too, was completely unexpected. She had seen everyone's matching marks in the alleyway, briefly rubbed at the thick choker she always wore, and accepted Bill's invitation to the quarry in moments.

At the quarry, she took the choker off, revealed her soulmark, and jumped into the water without a backward glance.

Richie may have choked on his tongue.

Maybe.

But regardless, the rest of them behaved rather like lemmings and followed her over the edge.

The quarry was a lot of fun. Even if all of them were a bit confused.

Six soulmates, and Richie still, oddly enough, felt like something, or some *one* , was missing.

Richie had been right in his feeling that someone was missing. They met that someone on a sunny July 3rd.

They'd been meeting up near Bev's place, and they'd spotted Belch Huggins' car and the homeschooled kid's bike. Bev had immediately thought they should help him, and everyone else had agreed.

Now, they were hurling rocks. Aside from a headache from getting clonked on the head with a rock, Richie was feeling great.

It was surprisingly cathartic hurling rocks at your longtime bullies.

Finally, they left. But not before Richie took the opportunity to flip Bowers off and insult him.

Mike's mark was a little harder to see, but Eddie had spotted it, and the rest of them had pretty visible marks- even if Bev usually wore a choker over hers (her father's orders).

"I never thought I'd have this *many* soulmates..." Mike said wonderingly.

"Neither did I." Stan muttered. "I thought I'd just be stuck with the Trashmouth for the rest of my life."

Richie just grinned, knowing that Stan didn't mean it.

Needless to say, their families were somewhat confused. In most cases. Maggie and Went, and Andrea and Donald, and even Sharon and Zach, had been watching them grow in number for years already, and were honestly at this point pretty tired.

Alvin Marsh suffered a tragic accident after Bev told him, apparently,

and her aunt came to town to take care of her.

Sonia was not particularly pleased about how many soulmates her son had, but she couldn't really do much about it, especially after Eddie threw away his pills and stood up to her.

In the end, they were pretty happy together. Even if Bill had lost Georgie and Bev's dad was dead.

Richie was just glad to have all of them together.

Yeah.

Life was pretty good.

Author's Note:

oh my FUCKing god this is terrible, i am so sorry, the ending is so bad...

This was meant to be a Christmas gift for my sister, then it became a New Years fic, now it's just late... sorry.